THE COUNTY PAPER.

By DOBYNS & WALLER.

OREGON, : : : : MO.

THE FARMER'S SEVENTY YEARS.

Ah, there he is, lad, at the plough;
He beats the boys for work,
And wathso'er the task might be
None ever saw him shirk.
And he can laugh, too, till his eyes
Run o'er with mirthful teare,
And sing full many an old-time song
In spite of seventy years.

"Good morning, friends! 'tis twelve o'clock;
Time for a half-hour's rest."
And farmer John took out his lunch
And ate it with a zest.
"A harder task it is," he said,
"Than following up these steers
Or mending fences far, for me
To feel my seventy years.

"You ask me why I feel so young:
I'm sure, friends, I can't tell,
But think it is my good wife's fault
Who kept me up so well;
For women such as she are scarce
In this poor vale of tears;
She's given me love, and hope, and strength
For more than forty years.

"And then my boys have all done well,
As far as they have gone,
And that thing warms an old man's blood,
And helps him up and on.
My girls have never caused a pang,
Or raised up anxious fears:
Then wonder not that I feel young
And hale at seventy years.

"Why don't my good boys do my work
And let me sit and rest?
Ah! friends, that wouldn't do for me;
I like my own way best.
They have their duty; I have mine,
And till there appears,
I mean to smell the soil, my friends,"
Said the man of seventy years.

MY HERO.

I had but one hero in my childhood, and that was a brother whom I had never seen.

When I was born my mother died, and Douglas, then a lad of seventeen, was sent to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He went into the navy a few years later as midshipman, and was sent on a four years' cruise.

Jenny, my sister and I received boxes from him from China, Australia, India, with strange, costly toys, and joking, affectionate letters, which we prized more than the gifts.

We talked incessantly at school of "my brother, the Captain," and believed that the adventures of Sinbad were tame beside those which we imagined for him. He was, in short, the one heroic and brilliant, though unseen, figure in our commonplace lives, upon which we hung all the romance and fancy which came to us from other sources.

My father died when I was a boy of ten. Capt. Douglas came home in time to see him before he died. I remember of being led with Jenny to father's bedside, where a tall, bearded man stood, who put his arms about us, and, with a broken voice, said:

"Before God, father, I promise you that they shall be my care!"

He was compelled to join his ship as soon as the funeral was over. The next week Jenny and I were removed to the town of Clinton, where we were placed at different boarding-schools.

For nine years this invisible brother was our guardian angel. Nothing that money could supply was wanting to us. His letters, always full of rollicking fun, were also tender as a woman's.

There was a strange sensitiveness, too, in his affection that might have belonged to a mother.

Whatever schools we were in, he always insisted that we should be free to pass one day in the week together; and on that day we usually compared his letters, or messages, and brought him before each other in yet more heroic colors.

There was a certain mystery about him, too, which added to our romantic affection. Why did he never come to see us? Surely in nine years he could have had a furlough!

We begged him in our letters to come, or, at least, to send us his photograph; but instead came only playful excuses.

"All very handsome men are modest," I said to Jenny, with the authority of a college Senior, "and my recollection of brother Douglas is that of a man of a superb presence and the highest type of manly beauty."

At last the day came when I was to graduate, and Jenny to leave her school in the same town. It was impossible for Douglas longer to remain wholly separated from us. We both wrote to him.

"Surely," I said, "you will no longer refuse to come to us. You have been father, brother—all to us. Let me show you to my friends."

I tried to tell him how noble he seemed to me; how I had made him the model of my own life. "Come to us," I urged. "Help me to be a man like yourself."

Jenny inclosed a note, which I read and had half a mind not to send, so simple and girlish did it seem to me.

"Dear brother," she said, "we have a right to be with you. God has given us to each other. You are alone, and I feel that you need the love we have for you. Let us at least make a home for you; you have done everything for us."

As if Douglas could need poor little Jenny and me! I thought of the wisest and best men, the most beautiful women in the country, as only a court in which he moved like a Prince.

The answer came almost immediately. Douglas could not be very distant. It was, oddly enough, addressed to Jenny. He spoke to her as if she were a woman.

"You are right, little sister," so the letter ran, "I need more than you know home and the love which you say you have given me. I had fully resolved never to show myself to you, but your words have moved me strangly. It is as if God spoke to me through them. I will come to you to-morrow."

I was wild with triumph. I was full then of boyish conceit and the desire to appear well in the eyes of the world. The commencement day was a momentous epoch in my life. All of my college companions and lady friends would be there.

I had spoken to them all of my brother. Had described his excellences, and his nobleness of character. When I told them he was coming, they all desired an introduction.

"I expect him," I said to my most intimate friend, "in the noon train. I suppose the President and faculty will drag him off to the platform as soon as he arrives."

How happy and proud I was! Jenny's cheeks, too, were flushed and her eyes shone with a brilliant light, but she was very quiet. The noon-train came, however, and he was not there. The college hall was crowded in the afternoon, even the campus was dotted with gay groups to hear the addresses of the graduating class. But still no Capt. Douglas.

My heart still beat with anxiety. I glanced along the row of dignitaries. How they would shrink into insignificance before my brother's splendid figure in his uniform. He was every inch a man.

My turn came. I was the last speaker. I was well known to most of the audience, as I had been a long time in the college. The applause, as I began and ended, was vehement, but I scarcely heard it. A train had arrived just as I had mounted the rostrum. Surely he was in it! Surely he would claim me now before them all!

I stepped down when I had finished, and took my place in the class to receive my diploma.

It was given. There was a short prayer, and all was over. Carrying the roll of parchment in my hand proudly as if it had been a Marshal's baton, I went out, with Jenny clinging to my arm, to the campus, crowded with my friends.

Leaning against the fence was a bloated, blear-eyed man, whose worn clothes showed that he had walked a long way. Two of the professors were talking together behind the pillar by which I stood.

"Yes, that is he," said one. Gone quite to the dogs. Rum! rum! But he has one redeeming trait. For nine years he has sent his pay to support this boy and girl, and has lived himself on a mere pittance of his pay."

"But they never saw him. What induced him to sacrifice himself in that way?"

"They were all he had. The only drops of his blood in the world ran in their veins. The poor wretch has never had anybody to care for him, and perhaps he thought these children might have some affection for him, ruined as he is by his appetite for drink."

I stood, stunned and dumb. I—I!—It was—it was my brother, my hero, that they meant!

At that moment the man came forward, trembling. He had not drank that day, and was unsteady from excitement and the want of liquor. "Robert!" He held out his hand, appealingly. "I am your brother Douglas!"

I made no answer.

I glanced around in deadly terror lest some one should hear him. They had all heard.

Then I looked him full in the eyes.

"This man is mad!" I said deliberately. "You are nothing to me—nothing! I can own no relationship with such as you!"

He staggered back as if he had been shot.

"Great God!" he muttered. "I Did not expect this! But—I—have—deserved it!"

There was a sudden rush, and a sobbing cry, and Jennie had both her arms around his neck. "Douglas! Brother Douglas!" she cried. "I have you at last!" Then she drew back, with her arm about him, and, turning to a party of her friends who stood near, said, with a calm dignity:

"This is my brother Douglas. I owe everything I am and have in the world to him. And I have never seen him before. You will excuse me if I go with him now."

She clung to his arm and led him away.

"Let me go!" he said, struggling to withdraw from her. "Let me go back and die in the gutter. It's the only place for me!"

"I will never let you go!" cried Jenny, passionately.

"Look at those people, how they stare at yoh walking with the drunken beggar!"

"These people," said Jenny, steadily, keeping her hold of him, "know but your one fault. I know you for the noble, generous, brave man you are, brother. Let us go away from here. I love you. We will make a home for each other."

She led him, weak as a child, to his hotel. And, in spite of all my remonstrances, she left town with him next day I could not overcome the feeling of disappointment and of outraged pride. It was worse than foolish—it was wicked. Nevertheless, I left them, secured a position as clerk, and worked my own way. I acted in short, like an ungrateful coward.

When I found Jenny persisted in remaining with him, I ceased even to write to her. The work she began that day she never gave up. She did make a home for him, the first he ever had known; made it cheerful and happy.

She dealt with his failing as a disease, watched over him night and day; when the struggles with his temper grew too hard for him, gave him medicine; prayed for him, clung to him, never lost patience nor hope, and showed him that she had not lost them.

My motive in telling this story is to show that the drunkard may sometimes be cured by unfailing love and practical common-sense.

She did cure him. He lived for many years, and died in her arms at last. She had, it is true, good material to work upon. But there is almost always good material in the drunkard. His ailment is a physical as well as moral disease, and should be combated by physical as well as moral means.

When I attained full manhood, I recognized the meanness and cruelty of my position toward them. I went to my brother and humbly begged his pardon. He forgave me, but I have never forgiven myself. The remembrance of this one chance which I lost to show myself a man humbles me with regret and mortification.

The Train Bell Rope.

In the early days of the railroad in this country the locomotive engineer was the master of the train. He ran it according to his judgement, and the conductor had very little voice in the matter. Collecting fares, superintending the loading and unloading of freight and shouting "All aboard!" was all that the conductor was expected to do. The Erie railroad was then the New York and Erie Railroad. There was no rail connection with Jersey City in 1842. Boats carried passengers from New York to Piermont-on-the-Hudson which was then the eastern terminus of the road. Turner's, forty-seven miles from New York, was as far West as the railroad was in operation. One of the pioneer conductors of this road was Captain Ayres. He ran the only train then called for between the two terminal points. It was made up of freight and passenger cars. The idea of the engineer, without any knowledge of what was going on back of the locomotive, having his way as to how the train was to be run, did not strike the Captain as being according to the propriety of things. He frequently encountered a fractious passenger who insisted on riding without paying his fare. As there was no way of signaling the engineer, and the passenger could not be thrown from the train while it was in motion, the conductor in such cases had no choice but to let him ride until a regular stop was made. Captain Ayres finally determined to institute a new system in the running of trains. He procured a stout twine, sufficiently long to reach from the locomotive to the rear car. To the end of this string next the engineer he fastened a stick of wood. He ran this cord back over the cars to the last one. He informed the engineer, who was a German, named Abe Hammill, that if he desired to have the train stopped he would pull the string and raise the stick, and would expect the signal to be obeyed. Hammill looked upon this innovation as a direct blow at his authority, and when the train left Piermont he cut the stick loose. At Turner's he told Captain Ayres that he proposed to run the train himself, without interference from any conductor. The next day the Captain rigged up his string and stick of wood again.

"Abe," said he, "this thing's got to be settled one way or the other to-day. If that stick of wood is not on the end of this cord when we get to Turner's you've got to lick me or I'll lick you."

The stick was not on the string when the train reached Turner's. The Captain pulled off his coat, and told Hammill to get off his engine. Hammill declined to get off. Captain Ayres climbed to the engineer's place. Hammill started to jump off on the opposite side. The conductor hit him under the ear and saved him the trouble of jumping. That settled forever the question of authority on railroad trains. Hammill abdicated as autocrat of the pioneer Erie train, and the twine and stick of wood, manipulated by the conductor, controlled its management. That was the origin of the bell-rope, now one of the most important attachmenis of railroad trains. The idea was quickly adopted by the few roads then in operation and the bell or gong in time took the place of the stick of wood to signal the engineer. Captain Ayres continued a conductor on this road under its different managers until he was superannuated and retired on a pension a year ago.

Mr. Gladstone's Style.

Fraser's Magazine.

The first impression one gets of his style is disappointing. It looks fatiguing. It does not invite, nor does it readily lead the reader along even when he has yielded to the impulse and felt the fascination of a strong mind. But at last it lay hold of the attention. We are caught in its sweep and made to feel that we are in the hands of a master who knows his subject and will not let us go till he has brought us to some share of his own knowledge. We may feel not unfrequently that he is far more subtle than true, more ingenious in theory than penetrating in insight, more intent on making out a case than in going to the root of a difficulty; that he is conventional rather than critical, and traditional where he ought to be historical; still there is the glow of an intense genius everywhere, and the splendor of a rhetoric which often rises into passion and never degenerates into meanness. Clumsy his style certainly can be at times in an extraordinary degree, as in such a sentence as the following, speaking of the Evangelical clergy and the estimate to be formed of their activity and moral influence: "The vessels of zeal and fervor taken man by man, far out-weighed the heroes of the ball-room and the hunting-field, or the most half-convicted minds, and perfunctory performers of a measure of stipulated duty, who supplied so considerable a number of the clerical host." But, even if such sentences were more common, they are but blemishes in an intellectual feast; and if we are to estimate writing not merely by the momentary pleasure it gives, but by the elevation and moral as well as mental stimulus it imparts, we must attach a high value to many of Mr. Gladstone's essays. It would be difficult to say how far they may survive as monuments of his literary genius. They are more likely to do so, we believe, than his Homeric speculations, labors of love and special knowledge as these are. But, whatever may be their fate, they are remarkable and marvelously interesting as products of literary devotion and ambition in a mind of intense activity, amidst the pauses of a great public career.

Practical Application of Knowledge.

Lansing Republican.

Pupils in our common schools are sadly deficient in the power of practical application. This must be evident to every teacher and parent who has ever tested the matter by asking practical questions. The pupil who, with the book before him, can readily "get the answers" to the difficult problems in profit and loss is wholly at a loss to determine the profit his father receives on cloth bought for 20 cents and sold for 25 cents per yard. He learns in school that Columbus and Springfield are in the same latitude, and is not sure at home that Columbus is not between Springfield and the North pole. He learns that every proper noun should commence with a capital, and then directs his first love letter to miss jennie smith. He can say with accuracy that there are 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 48 seconds in a year, but has no idea of how many times the sun will rise and set between two Christmases. He can give correctly the principal parts of see and go, and immediately after be guilty of saying, "I seen him, but now he has went away."

Is this fault, this studying to no practical purpose, due to our system of education? If it is, it is high time that our leaders in educational matters point out the fault and suggest the remedy. Is it because teachers fall into mechanical monotonous ruts of teaching, and perform their work in a manner so school-like and so little buisness-like that it never occurs to the pupil that what he learns from his books has any connection with or application to the things that occur in everyday life? Here we think is the trouble, and in this we should reform. Let each teacher make his work more and more practical; let him strive to lift his pupils from their unthinking, unpractical methods of study; let him give them matter for thought upon the simple, common things around them; let him endeavor to create an interest in their mind upon the subjects discussed by the older people of the community, and soon we shall have a race of children in our schools who will know more at the age of 12 what is practical and useful than our children now know when they leave the common schools.

MUFFINS.—One quart of milk, three eggs, three spoonfuls of yeast, flour sufficient to make a thick batter. Flour the bottom of the oven or griddle well; bake them, and when done, lay them in a woolen cloth. When you split them to butter, pull them open, as cutting makes them heavy, as it will all other warm bread.

"Be a good little girl," said Edith to her younger sister; "you musn't ask for a second piece of cake. It isn't good for little girls. Besides," she added, "I want it myself!"

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Come, let us plant the apple-tree,
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As 'round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of Summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs, where the thrush, with crimson breast
Shall haunt and sing, and and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shaddow for the noon tide hour,
A shelter from the Summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree!
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossom for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we with this apple-tree!
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those that pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
The Winter stars are glitte ring bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine,
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree,
Winds, and our flag of stripe and star,
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of Summer play,
In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer where we lie,
The Summer song§, the Autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud, and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this little apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple-tree."

FARM, GARDEN, AND HOUSEHOLD

Timber Planting.

Professor Lazenby, Cornell University.

To make timber plentiful and to render our climate more genial we must reclothe all rugged, broken land and rocky crests, in fact, ever acre that is not cultivated or is cultivated at a loss, with valuable forest trees.

First—All ravines and steep hill-sides, all land too rocky to be thoroughly cleared of stone and plowed, should be devoted to trees.

Second—Protecting belts of timber should be planted wherever buildings, orchards, gardens, etc., are exposed to cold, sweeping winds.

Third—The banks of streams, ponds, open ditches, etc., should be so planted with trees that they will be protected from abrasion by floods and rapid currents.

Fourth—All public roads should be belted by graceful, stately trees.

We should preserve, improve and extend our existing forests by keeping up a constant succession of young growing trees of the best varieties. To do this it is necessary:

First to allow no stock to run in wood lots for the purpose of forage. This should be a rule inflexible and relentness.

Second—Young growth in forests should be thinned moderately and judiciously, Worthless varieties should be cut out and the valuable sorts should be trimmed up so that they will grow tall, forming trunk ruther than branches.

Third—Timber should be cut with intelligent reference to future growth. Valuable trees that you wish to propagate should be cut in the spring. Those that you wish to exterminate should be cut in August.

What About Liquid Manure?

Germantown Telegraph.

It has not been many years since that there was quite a furore about the use of liquid manure as a fertilizer; and this was quite sensibly added to by the statements made of it by the celebrated "London farmer," Alderman Mechi, who even went so far as to invent an apparatus to haul it in and sprinkle it over his land. We all remember—or should remember—how he "went on" about it. It was the best way to apply manure. There were the crops; here were the figures. There could be no doubt about it. It was no waste to manure to have the best of its matter washed out of it, if only the liquid waste could be collected in tanks, and pumped into liquid manure-carts and hauled over the ground; or even pumped back again to the manure-heap from which it had been washed—and so on and so on. The subject was taken up in this country, and a great deal was written about it and discussed at farmers' clubs, etc. Few had any experience. They wrote about it and recommended it simply because the matter had been taken up so resolutely in England and vouched for by what was at the time considered the highest authority. But it turned out to be all fallacious; in the first place, because no good farmer, in places where manure is valuable, cares to have his manure washed in this way, but build a roof and covers it from rain; and in the next place it does not pay to build cisterns, invest in pumps, and buy broad-wheeled carts for the sake of distributing a few gallons of liquid manure. Water is heavy to carry; and the hauling of a gallon for the sake of a teaspoonful of nutritious matter, is an absurdity few American farmers would be guilty of. But it was said there were the figures. So there were as to actual products; but this is not the way to calculate farm profits. That a piece of land watered with liquid manure will yield more than a piece manured in the regular way, may be all true enough; but if it cost treble for double the profit, it had better be left alone. In fact, the liquid manure idea as an element in profitable farming seems to have departed here. We seldom see the old-time articles now. Even in England it seems to be on its last legs. The whole paraphrenalia of tanks, water-carts, and so forth, says the London *Agricultural Gazette*, are the mere toys of farming; and so said we, long, long ago.

The Department of Agriculture.

It is often said, in the interest of the farmer, that the commissioner of agriculture, representing so overwhelmingly important an interest, should be made a cabinet officer, and so have a position of dignity and influence commensurate with the interest which he represents. This proposition seems reasonable at first thought, and is sustained by antecedents. But it would be no reform. On the contrary it would be a movement in precisely the same direction. The remedy for the present inadequate representation of the agricultural interests in the national government must be looked for in quite another direction. The chief reason why the commissioners of agriculture, so far, have done so little for the agricultural interests is certainly that they knew too little about them. They have been gentlemen farmers, or non-farmers. Their appointment has been due not to their especial fitness for the position but to their relation to the president or to some influential men in the existing national administration. To make the commissionership a cabinet office would make it a political and party gift, and would still more hinder the selection of the right man. The appointmeut would fall to those who would help the party in power, not to those who would help the farmers. Even if by good fortune a skilled agriculturist were found he would of necessity go out of his office at the end of the four years with all the other cabinet officers. A European minister of agriculture generally holds during the life of the President; that is, four years or possibly eight years. We should thus have in the agricultural department, as we now have in the navy, the military, the treasury, and the other departments, a practical rotation in office, and, as one result, for the head of the agricultural bureau a man who probably would hardly know a seed from a root, and certainly would not know the different varieties of seeds or their adaptation to different soils and climates.

What we want in the office of the commissioner of agriculture is a man qualified for the duties of the office by education and training, as the director of the geological survey and the superintendent of the coast survey are for their respective works. These men do not go out of office because a new president comes in. The principle of rotation is not applied to them; they are appointed because of their technical qualifications; those qualifications protect them in their places and give them permanence of tenure; and their utility and efficiency would be impaired and not increased by making them cabinet officers. The commissioner of agriculture should be placed in a similar position. He should be appointed because of his technical agricultural knowledge and should hold his office as long as he does his work well, and the emoluments of the office should be made equal to those of other analogous positions. * * * * All this means considerably increased appropriation by congress. And that means that men who will take an interest in such matters should be sent to congress by the vote of the farmers instead of those who now compose the majority even on the committee of agriculture and who, to judge by their action, consider the agricultural interest as about last in importance.

The first step, therefore, toward any improvement in this department, and there is no department in the government which more needs improvement, must be taken by the farmers themselves. President Garfield has told us that more than half of the population of this country is engaged in agriculture. If half of this half were to unitedly demand in their several states and districts attention from their congressmen to the agricultural interests of the nation, and the reorganization of the department of agriculture on some such basis as we have indicated above, the first step toward the reformation so much needed, and so essential to the nation's highest prosperity, would be taken; and in such a matter the second step can never precede the first.

How to Live in Summer.

Food and Health.

It is as yet a point of dispute whether cotton stuffs are the best wear, many approving of light woollens. For women, nothing is sweeter in Summer than a linen dress; it is a pity we do not patronize linens more for adults; for children, cottons; for workingmen, worsteds. The heavy suits of men are weighing them down in Summer, and clothes of serge are far preferable to those of thick woolen cloth. Very thin silk is a cool wear. The heavily laden skirts of women impede the free action of movement much, and should be simplified as much as possible for Summer. So also the headgear.

Infants, if at all delicate, should not be allowed to go with bare feet; it often produces diarrhœa, and they should always wear a flannel band round the stomach. Another important matter is the changing of night and day linen among the poorer classes. It is terrible to think that a workingman should lie down in the shirt in which he has perspired all day at his hot work. Let men accustom themselves to good washes every evening before they sit down to their meals, and to changes at night, that they may take up a dry shirt, when going to their hard day's work.

Frequent changes of linen is absolutely necessary—anyhow, a night and day change. This change alone would help to stay mortality among children, if accompanied with other healthy measures, such as sponging the body with a little salt and water. Where tenements are very close, wet sheets placed against walls will aid to revivify the air and absorb bad vapor in rooms. All children's hair should be cut short; boys' hair may be cropped, and girls' hair so arranged by nets or plaits that air passes freely round the neck.

Light head coverings are assential in Summer, for the head must be kept cool. The most serviceable dress is that which allows air to pass freely around your limbs and stops neither the evaporation of the body nor the circulation of the refreshing atmosphere. In Summer you must breathe freely and lightly; you cannot do so with your stomach full of undigested food, your blood full of overheating alcohol, your lungs full of vitiated air, your smell disgusted with nauseous scents, your system unable to carry out the natural progress of digestion. All the sanitary arrangements in the world will do no good, if we eat and drink in such a fashion that we are constantly putting on fuel where it is not needed, and stuffing up our bodily draught, as we would that of a heating appliance. Our ignorance and our bad habits spoil the Summer, that delightful season of the year—nothing else.

Activity, rest and recreation are weighty matters in influencing our health in Summer. We are not so well inclined for activity, and yet nothing will so much assist us as a healthy employment of our energies, without overexertion. Pity those who must exert themselves to the utmost in this torrid weather, and feel gratified if you need only moderately use your strength.

Activity keeps the system going, the blood in healthy circulation, the digestive process free from costiveness, the skin open for evaporation, and prevents all clogging of the machine. If not forced to work in some way or other, be active anyhow; occupy your mind and exercise your limbs. Stagnation will bring about lethargy and allow the atmosphere a greater influence upon you.

On the other hand, full rest is as necessary. The exhausted frame wants more recuperation, the brain less strain, the system more gentle treatment. Things look often darker in hot weather; heat weighs upon the upper portion of the head, communicates itself to the perceptive powers, and influences the senses. We see pictures before us, and fancy we have not the power to combat difficulties. It is said that more suicides are committed in hot than cold weather. A healthy sleep in this hot season is worth a great deal to us; try to court it, and never play with your life and health by wilfully neglecting it.

And what shall we say of that precious, and, as yet, so little understood phase of life, our recreation? If there is one thing more than another to be encouraged in Summer, it is reasonable recreation; that exercise between body and mind which brings about harmony between both; that periodical abstaining from incessant labor, which renders us fresher for it; that intercourse with beautiful Mother Earth, which leads us to value natural aspirations.

Never pass a day in Summer without some calm half-hour for quiet and enjoyment; life has only so many years, and during their space we should live, not vegetate. The time will come when sanitary measures and means for enjoying a higher phase of life will be thought of more than laying up things that rust.

We cannot here enter upon the meaning of recreation in a wider sense; but it is not recreation to rush out of town and stop at some place to drink beer and smoke all the time; it is not recreation to push on in crowds for excitement out of doors; it is not recreation to overheat yourself and feel more fatigued the day after than the day before. For recreation you want leisure, moderate movement, happy thoughts, kindly company, some pleasant talk, cheerful music, refreshing food and drink, and above all, a thankful heart that you are able to enjoy these; then no one could say that such recreation would be against the highest religious rules of living. Food, drink, dwelling, clothing, activity, rest and recreation, all are modified by the social circumstances under which we are living.

A Beautiful Story.

Coleridge relates that Alexander, during his march into Africa, came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war or conquest. Gold being offered him, he refused it, saying that his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

"Stay with us," said the chief, "as long as it pleaseth thee."

During this interview two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment. The dispute was this: The one had bought a piece of ground which, after the purchase, was found to contain a treasure, for which he felt bound to pay. The other refused to receive anything, stating that he had sold the ground with what it might be found to contain, apparent or concealed.

Said the chief, looking at one, "You have a son;" and to the other, "you have a daughter; let them be married, and the treasure given them as a dowry."

Alexander looked astonished.

"And what," said the chief, "would have been the decision in your country?"

"We would have dismissed the parties and seized the treasure for the king's use."

"And does the sun shine in your country, does the rain fall there? Are there any cattle there which feed upon herbs and green grass?" asked the chief.

"Certainly," said Alexander.

"Ah, "said the chief, "it is for the sake of these innocent cattle that the great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall, and the grass to grow in your country."

Graham Cakes—One cup sugar; one cup milk (sour); one-half cup butter; three and one-half cups flour; one teaspoon soda; one-half a nutmeg.

Bread Cakes.—Take one quart of milk, stir in enough bread crumbs to make a thin batter. Beat three eggs well and put them in, adding a little salt; add two table spoonfulls of flour. Bake on the griddle and serve hot.